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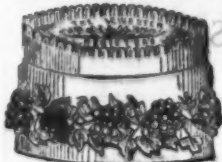
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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 114.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

GENTLENESS and genius sometimes unfit their possessors for facing and fighting the battles of life.

David Denton was one of these unfortunate persons.

As a child, David was so small and so strange that no one ever expected him to see boyhood, let alone manhood.

When he wasn't crying, he was sitting before the fire, taking little interest in anything going on about him, watching the flames with those dreamy grey eyes of his, and, for all the world, looking more like an aged patriarch ready to depart this life than a white-haired child who had not long entered upon it.

Still, while strong children were struck down by his side, young, little David lived on, until people began to think that, after all, he might last a long time; and at length wonderful stories began to be whispered abroad as to what the child could do in the way of learning lessons and acquiring knowledge.

From home he went to a small private school, next to Rugby, and afterwards to Oxford.

During all these years he had seldom associated with anyone outside his own family. As a child, he had never played with other children; as a boy and a young man, he had never smoked a cigar or stood before the wickets, bat in hand.

David Denton was a book-worm, every inch of him. For modern books of any kind he cared little; for theology, and politics, and science he cared less. His delight was in the works of the old Greek and Latin historians, philosophers and poets. With them beside him he wanted no other companion or friend; with them beside him he often thought eternity itself would be much too short for discovering all their beauties and drinking in all their joys.

Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, were all very well in their way—the fact was he knew next to nothing about them—but not for a moment to be compared with Homer, Virgil, Anacreon. Macaulay and Hume—distinguished as they were as historians—couldn't be mentioned in the same breath with Tacitus and Xenophon. To speak of Burke and Bright as capable of holding a candle to Demosthenes and Cicero in the domains of oratory was to insult human judgment and man's human language; and as for philosophy, all the Tyndalls and Huxleys and Darwins of these late degenerate days, though rolled together, would make but a poor burlesque of a Socrates or an Aristotle.

Our hero moved in a world of his own—an old, dead world; to the living present he was as indifferent as an Egyptian mummy may fairly be assumed to be.

On two distinct occasions—and only two—he afforded just one little glimmering glimpse that he was, in one respect at least, much as other men are.

That is to say, he fell in love; and it is of these two occasions that I wish to write.

It will be gathered from what I have said about David Denton's education that his parents must have been pretty well off. His father, indeed, was a much-respected rectory in charge of a parish close to Manchester. The old man's desire was for his son to enter holy orders; as for David, he had not hit on anything in this world that he would like to be, or could be.

He was now nineteen years of age and was spending his Christmas and New Year vacation at home.

"Well, David, how are things going with you at Oxford?"

The speaker was Henry Leeming, the son of a merchant who lived near the rectory, almost the only being with whom Denton had had any comings and goings in the way of confidences.

"Not so bad, Henry; but the students are a queer, fast lot—fonder of the gambling-room than the studio, more devoted to wine than to wisdom."

"I have heard as much before. But, you know young men will be young men, wherever they are and whatever they mean to be after in life."

"A man cannot both be a scholar and a worldling."

David Denton said this with an emphasis and an earnestness to which he was little addicted.

"But, surely, a man may feel some interest in his own times while he is devoting nearly all his studies to acquiring a knowledge of other times."

"Our times, Henry, are evil times—times of trash, shoddy, and sham; not worth thinking about, not worth living in."

"Do you mean to say," asked Leeming, warming up—"do you mean to say that you have nothing, know of nothing or no one, worth living for?"

"No, I don't," replied Denton, quickly; then, reflecting, he added, quietly, slowly: "I once thought there was one I could have lived for."

"Who was that?" inquired Leeming, as Denton hesitated.

"It was a dream, a delusion, a fancy—call it what you like—not worth speaking about; it's all over now."

"Was there a girl in it?" asked Leeming, feeling curious, for neither he nor anyone else dreamt that Denton had ever loved or could ever love any member of the opposite sex.

"Yes; you're right. It was Bella James. But it was only a dream. I fancied I loved her. But it was a mistake. Would you believe it, I used to follow her nearly to her home, several yards behind her, of course, intending to tell her what I thought my feelings were? But I always broke down. It was well, I daresay. What fools men do make of themselves! Yet Miss James is a splendid girl—just like those whose praises are sung so well by the old masters. Catch me making an ass of myself again!"

"We'll see," said Henry Leeming, not wishing to prolong the conversation in case he might be led to confess that Bella James and he meant to cast in their fortunes together some day.

But we pass on until the time when David Denton returned to Manchester for his summer holidays.

He came back laden with fresh honours. Prize after prize, honour after honour, had again fallen to his lot. In the classical classes he continued to reign supreme.

It was noticeable that he looked smarter in his dress and blither in his manner than usual.

"So you have won many fresh laurels," said Mr. Henry Leeming to Mr. David Denton who had dropped in to the villa occupied by Mr. Leeming, one evening, shortly afterwards.

"Yes, Henry, a few. Will you have a short stroll?"

"The very thing I want, and need; and the two set off for a ramble along sequestered lovely lanes."

"Some nice girls about Manchester, Henry?"

This was said by Denton after they had travelled a considerable distance in silence, Denton evidently bursting to speak during the whole time that the silence lasted, but not knowing exactly how best to lead up to what he was after, though cogitating with all his might as to what was the best method he could adopt for unburdening himself and making a clean breast of it.

"Some nice girls about Manchester, Henry?"

"Yes," said Mr. Leeming, quietly, wondering.

"But the Oxford girls beat the Manchester girls."

"I can't say, having had no experience of them. Are you an authority on the subject, may I ask?"

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"No, not much; but I know one in Oxford, or near it, with whom no one in Manchester—not even Bella James—is fit to be compared."

"Never mind Miss James; what about this Oxford beauty?"

Mr. Henry Leeming was now warming up to the conversation. His companion, it was clear, had some weighty matter in the form of some pretty maid on his mind, and he smiled in anticipation of the rich, ripe banquet of bunkum and tomfoolery about to be spread before him.

"I know you have a fine taste, David, and long to hear all you have got to say about the happy girl of your choice."

He smiled again as he added these words, for, darkness having set in, he could smile without the risk of being called rude, or the fear of discovery.

"Well, Henry, as you're an old friend—the only real male friend I have ever had or made—I will tell you all about it. Her name is Agnes Jones. Not a very aristocratic name, I admit; yet the name of Jones will wash quite as well as any other name, and—don't you see, old boy?—it will be changed to that of Denton some fine day. But to proceed. Miss Jones is the daughter, the only daughter, the only child, in fact—so I believe—of a retired military officer, Colonel Jones, who resides near to the learned City of Oxford. Colonel Jones has sundry weaknesses. Most men have. One of his weaknesses is that he thinks himself a great man. That, as you know, is a common weakness now-a-days. Another weakness is that he likes to see his name in print. A third is that he regulates his life as though it should consist of party-giving and party-receiving. A fourth—and here I come to what I wanted all along to be at—is, that he glories in gathering round his plentiful board those students who are styled distinguished students. Well—although I hate even to appear egotistical—I chance to be one of these distinguished students. So I have been at Colonel Jones' often."

"And you became sweet on his daughter?" broke in Leeming.

"Yes; no. She became sweet on me. That was it. She's such a glorious, such a divine creature, Henry, not like your Manchester dolls a bit. Look here. I've got her likeness. What do you think of that, old boy?"

Saying this, and taking his stand underneath a lamp, David Denton produced from his pocket and handed to Henry Leeming a *carte de visite* of a lady. She was at least thirty and certainly had no claim to be considered a beauty.

"It's very fine," said Leeming, not wishing to miss a morsel of the large amount of fun apparently in store for him.

"I should think it is. It's more than fine, old boy. It's divine. But I said that before. Well, we grew very thick. She knows Latin and Greek as no other woman in Christendom knows these noble tongues. She took to me at the very first. So she says. I took to her at the very first. That—I assure you—is gospel. We were made for each other. That's what both she and I have said over and over again. What nights we have had! Would you believe me, when I tell you on my oath, that for hours upon hours we have sat upon the sofa together, my right arm round her neck, and her right hand in my left hand, without speaking a single syllable? But then, you know, silence is sometimes sweeter than speech, and, as I often told her, with us, born for one another, proximity was enough."

"What a lucky dog you are!" said Leeming, repressing, as best he could, the laugh that longed to be loud and long.

"That I am, Henry; that I am. I could not have believed that such an angel breathed on God's earth, especially midst the fogs of old England. Yet there she is; and—mark my words—she's mine. I've tried and tested her in every way, and—as you say, 'lucky dog'—I've never found her wanting. Take one example, one of many. Bob Agnew—who's in the same classes with me—has a girl. He told me that he asked her one night why it was that young ladies were so anxious to get married. She said it was because they wanted to be at the head of a house of their own. That was good. Well, thinking it over, I thought I would ask the same question—as a sort of crucial climax—of Agnes Jones on some fitting opportunity. I did so, and what do you think she said in reply?"

"I give it up," answered Leeming, well nigh splitting with restrained laughter.

"This is what she said, sir. Mark my words! Bob Agnew's girl said that girls were anxious to be married in order that they might be at the head of houses of their own. My girl, when asked the same great question, made this answer—an answer which should be written in letters of gold—that girls longed to be married because it was natural!"

Henry Leeming relieved the suppressed stock of laughter, as best he could, by coughing terribly and clapping his hands as a madman might be expected to do.

"What, as a sensible man, do you think of the two replies, Henry?" inquired Denton, with all the confidence and glee which General Gordon may possibly have shown as he entered the town of Sophia the other day.

"Miss Jones' answer," he said, "was incomparably the better of the two."

"I think so, most decidedly," Denton continued. "She's a grand girl. I wish she had been a Spartan. Never mind. She's all the world to me. I stand by her. She stands by me."

By this time the two travellers had returned home, and they parted.

The years and the months passed. Mr. David Denton must do something for himself; but—genius though he was, in his way—he shirked from facing life either as doctor, lawyer, clergyman, or anything else. He had nerve for nothing.

Worse than all, his affection for Agnes Jones waned and wasted away; and her affection for him followed a similar course.

Meanwhile, Mr. Henry Leeming—plain business man as he was—married Bella James, and was happy.

David Denton went into a decline and died, and those who knew him best said, as he was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard, that he was TOO GOOD AND TOO GENTLE FOR THIS WORLD.

### DOMESTIC MIDNIGHT SCENE.

THE following occurred in Mr. and Mrs. William Billandoo's private apartment, and shows how artful man becomes after twelve months of married life:—

Mrs. B. Now, Will, get up; the baby cries.

Mr. B. Confound the child! I cannot close my eyes; How that abominable baby cries!

Mrs. B. Poor thing! it's hungry.

Mr. B. Hungry? Why, with pobs it's crammed;

If it is hungry—well, may I be —!

Mrs. B. Come, B., don't swear.

Mr. B. I wasn't going to.

Mrs. B. Yes; you were.

Here, take the child, and thankful be

It's only one, instead of two or three.

Mr. B. Well, give it me, I'll try to stop it's bawling—

It's worse, by half, than any stuck pig's squalling.

[Mr. B. gets up and walks baby up and down the bedroom, and soliloquises thus:—]

Here am I every night,

Shivering in my robes of white,

Walking about until it's light;

And I never can get a night's repose,

For soon as ever I'm under the clothes,

And shut my eyes in hope of a doze,

I have to get up, and—goodness knows!

I wouldn't wish worse to my bitterest foes.

But, hang it all! what a fool I am!

I'll make my wife get up with a "crum;"

I, in my head, will invent some ruse,

Which with her lying in bed will play the deuce.

Let's see! Ah, I have it! And so here goes,

To put into motion my scheme for a doze.

[Mr. B. now talks to himself in a stage whisper.]

Why, bless my soul! what's up with the brat?

It's face is going as black as my hat.

Mrs. B. [excitedly.] What's that? What's that?

Mr. B. [calmly.] Why, the fact is, this baby is such a glutton

That from my shirt it has bitten the button,

And I fancy it's swallowed it. What must I do?

Mrs. B. [getting up in a hurry.] What must you do? If what you say is true,

My poor darling's hours are now very few.

You fit for a father! You fit to be wed!

'Pon my word, if you are, I'll live upon lead.

Here, give me the child, and go back into bed.

Mr. B. All right, dear; quite as soon done as it's said.

And now, Mrs. B., don't look quite so wild,

For there's nothing at all up or down with the child,

And I find that the button is fast on my shirt;

So your poor little darling has suffered no hurt.

And now for sweet slumber. Just wake me at eight

Also see in the morning that breakfast's not late.

## SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

THE Government have good reason to pray to be delivered from their friends. Lord Derby said, months ago, that they wanted the people to declare their mind on the Eastern Question so that public opinion might be known in order to its being respected and acted upon. Yet some Conservatives refuse to speak out respecting the present great crisis, in case, forsooth, they should thus hamper the Government. Many Tory papers have also turned round on the Ministers and are lecturing them soundly because they don't rush into the fray by the side of the Turk. As usual, the *Pall Mall Gazette* figures in the front rank. "There can be only one opinion," it says, "as to the present position of England in relation to the war and to the rest of Europe. It is ridiculous. That it should be so gives pleasure to some amongst us, no doubt. The religionistic factions glow, the oppositionist factions grin with satisfaction, when they behold the plight into which the Government and the country have fallen. The former we can credit with sincerity. They have never pretended to care a jot about the fortunes of the empire, but on the contrary have always held it a religious duty to sacrifice the dearest interests of the country to please that God whom they blasphemously believe whispered the Czar to begin these horrible slaughters. Such men have existed at more than one period of history; the horrors they have committed or inspired are the most fearful in its records; but, odious as we call them as we read, we know that they were perpetrated in as honest a spirit of piety as ever animated the zealot of our own time. With the other factions it is different. The English demagogue allied himself with the British priest for party purposes. His inspiration was disgust at seeing a Tory Government in power; and he now finds his delight, as he hopes to find his profit, in the disgrace, the distress, to which Government and country alike have been reduced. But the bulk of the nation is not composed of Aggressive Radicals, vitriolic pietists, and party men out of place. Put these aside, and we then may count the number of Englishmen who see no fun at all in the spectacle of an England reduced to impotence, and her Government slipping into the lowest depths of the ridiculous. That this is our condition is so obvious that it is vain to attempt to disguise it any longer. It is not that Ministers have retreated, or are packing up to retreat, from every position they thought fit to occupy, but rather that they are left in each position an object of ridicule. We affect to be formidable; we are found amusing. Twelve men who have to announce publicly to their countrymen that disorders which they had not the courage to extinguish have compelled them to leave the empire unprotected against dangers which every one of them sees, admits, and has measured, must look in each others' faces with none of the emotions proper to success on one hand or failure on the other, but with a common expression of humiliation and dismay." But for Lord Beaconsfield's foolish speeches, Turkey would never have defied Europe and brought down upon herself this terrible thrashing. The Government have to thank their chief for the criticism which their conduct is now receiving at the hands of their friends.

## SWEET SENTIMENTS.

[FROM A ONCE-NEARLY-BUT-NOT-YET-QUITE-MARRIED BACHELOR.]

How sweet it is on Sunday morn,  
To hear the church bells ring,  
To hear the parson pray and preach,  
To hear the people sing.

How sweet it is to lead a maid to church,  
And hear the parson say  
"Whom God hath joined together  
Let no man put away."

How sweet it is to see that bride  
With infant at her breast,  
Teaching the little one to flap  
The name she loves the best.

How sweet it is to see her when  
She waits her lord's return,  
And mark the crimson flush of love  
Which on her cheek will burn.

How sweet it is to see that wife  
Unto the alehouse come,  
And say unto her husband dear,  
"I'll warm thee well at whom."

## SONGS OF THE DAY.—No. VI.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

THOUGH cynics snarl and moralists despair,  
Though loud Cassandra urge us to beware;  
Though good men doubt, and dread some coming woe,  
And no man knows who next may prove a foe;  
Though ancient lies, arrayed in garb of youth,  
Proclaim themselves the everlasting truth;  
Though every sham may proudly rear its head,  
And strut where modest virtue dare not tread;  
Though worth is measured with a golden rule,  
And honesty is told to go to school;  
Though hate and fear are rending social ties,  
And he who talks the most is thought most wise;  
Though noble issues have become obscured,  
And slaves resolve that chains must be endured—  
Yet, God be thanked! we are not yet all base,  
Nor destitute of every saving grace.

Ye ruling hierarchy, stand aside,  
The people, and not you, will now decide.  
They wrest this issue from your feeble hands.  
Wait, and obey, the nation now commands.  
War or no War? The answer strong and clear  
Rings out from end to end, from far and near.  
From Cornwall's point to Scotland's farthest shore  
A million tongues proclaim aloud, "No War!"  
A million tongues in harmony sublime  
Repudiate your meditated crime.  
Great God! should we, who boast, with some conceit,  
That in this land has Freedom fixed her seat,  
Engage ourselves with tyranny and death,  
That men may curse us with their latest breath?  
And have we not enough accusers now  
To meet before that Throne where all must bow?  
From east and west, from south and farthest north,  
These hostile witnesses will issue forth—  
From Ireland's vales, from Africa's torrid plains,  
From Scottish glens, from Afghan mountain chains,  
From far Cathay, from Madagascar's isle,  
From every dim Canadian forest aisle—  
Hosts, from their graves, with bitterness and hate,  
Will rise to taunt us with their bloody fate;  
And you would make us have another crime  
Confronting us at our appointed time,  
And this the worst of all—I stand aghast  
At the bare mention of a sin so vast—  
Where is the man who shrinks not at the thought  
Of the dread curse that, when the work was wrought,  
Those dying people would in their despair  
Invoke on us, their murderers? While the air  
Was filled with armies of the Lord of Hosts,  
Waiting to do His vengeance; and the ghosts  
Of all our victims stood to bar the way  
That none might upwards pass and mercy pray.

"No War!" Take heed ye hear that stern reply,  
And understand its import, ye who cry  
For homicidal measures, and who strive  
To keep old petty enmities alive.  
See ye not now your raving is in vain,  
Your Empire passes not to come again.  
Your interests have, I swear, too long been served,  
And say, what think ye that ye have deserved?  
The people's interest will now enforce  
Another, wiser, and a nobler course;  
Your interest is war; but ours is peace,  
And your long domination now must cease.  
Full many a time you've dragged us into strife,  
To serve the ends of politician's life,  
For many a time by you the English name  
Has been connected with the pirate's fame;  
But, when you ask us now to interpose  
To save the Turk from his avenging foes;  
Now, when you ask us to commit such sin,  
To stake our souls at play that you may win—  
From every part the noble answers flow,  
And with resounding voice we answer, "No!"  
One word to close: Upon another shore  
The Revolution era lives no more;  
Be warned in time, by salutary fear,  
Lest that dread era should re-open here.

## REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.

W. ARONBERG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, to cure the various defects of vision which arise from defective sight.—15, VICTORIA STREET.





Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 5d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the Queen's Speech of yesterday was a tame enough affair, in all conscience.

That the Session promises to be as dead as a duck-pond.

That, but for this Eastern business Parliament might be prorogued again next week for anything that the Government propose to do.

That Beaconsfield now sees that Russia wasn't to be frightened by the early summoning of the English Parliament.

That, therefore, he again shifts his ground, and this time eats humble pie.

That our blessed Ministers are raving again about the Treaty of Paris and the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

That the said Treaty has served its day and generation, and may well be burned, and that the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire are now at the mercy of Russia, after a fair fight.

That, having refused to compel Turkey to do what was right, we have no good ground for interfering with Russia so long as our real interests are untouched, and Russia has stated, more than once, that these are not endangered.

That, as always happens when Tories hold the purse-strings, the national expenditure and the national taxation are going up at a gallop.

That the duty on spirits, we believe, is about to be increased.

That we hope all Tory publicans, and all Tory tipplers, will feel grateful for this great boon.

That Scotch roads and bridges, criminal trials, county boards, and cattle disease are the great subjects on which the Government propose to legislate.

That legislation is as dull as trade now-a-days.

That the Tory newspapers seem to think they know what takes place in the Cabinet better than the Ministers themselves.

That they have been trying to put Lord Carnarvon right.

That Mr. Forster's ideas on the Eastern Question are those of a sensible man.

That all Englishmen will do well to digest and foster his views.

That, if Mr. Charley's name at the next Salford Election is not Walker, it will probably be Hookey.

That when that election is over, O. Cypher (sigh for) Walker will be an appropriate name for the present junior Conservative member.

That the night soil vans are going to be scented by Rimmel.

That then it will be a pleasure to walk behind them.

That now it is not.

That the Corporation intends to grow early potatoes and forced rhubarb in Spring Gardens.

That the idea originated in Sir Joseph Heron's cran(e)lum.

That this is not ironical (Heronical)—oh, no!

That the set-to between James of Manchester and Harvey of Salford, at Tuesday's meeting, has been the talk of the last forty-eight hours.

That, though Vaughan parried and struck with his usual skill, France got the best of it.

That the Conservatives of Salford outwitted the Liberals by cleverly packing the Town Hall on Monday night.

That Mr. Richard Haworth, the mover of the amendment, which was carried, is reported to have said afterwards that the decision of such a meeting was worthless.

That all the Tory wire-pullers were present, and that the rank and file did exactly as they were told.

That a religious man like Mr. Richard Haworth does himself no good by countenancing tricks of this sort.

#### TORY-TURKISH SALFORD.

**S**ALFORD has gone and done it again. Monday night's public meeting in the Town Hall was one of the most rowdy gatherings ever held in that peaceable and exemplary Borough. By careful manipulation, the Tories packed the hall, defeated the resolution in favour of continued neutrality, carried an amendment to support the Government through thick and thin, and separated in wild disorder singing "Rule Britannia." Bravo, Salford! Let Manchester, Birmingham, and other great centres raise their voice for peace as they choose, Salford shrieks for war or anything else that the Earl of Beaconsfield may be good enough to give us. Poor Salford! No one denies our Conservative friends the right of thinking for themselves, saying what they like, and wishing what they choose; but their leaders ought, at least, at a crisis like this, to say what they mean in unmistakable terms. Mr. Charley spoke the other night in favour of armed intervention under certain circumstances? Why didn't the member clearly set forth the circumstances which he had in view? Mr. Richard Haworth, the hero of Monday's meeting, declared that Turkey "was not, perhaps, so good as she might be or ought to be." Should a gentleman like Mr. Richard Haworth be content with speaking of Turkey and her abominations in this mild manner? Does either Mr. Charley, or Mr. Richard Haworth, or any one of the Tories who voted for the amendment, believe that it would be a good, a comely, a seemly, a right, a proper, a passable proceeding for the soldiers of England to fight along with men whose hands yet reek with the blood of the women and children whom they brutally butchered at Philippopolis and elsewhere? Be that as it may, however, Salford has once more distinguished itself amongst the great towns of the Kingdom.

#### THE LAMB.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

**I**T was a lamb, I heard it bleat,

The weather was inclined to sleet;

It was a January day,

And I was not inclined to stay,

Or else I might have moralized,

Or lessons haply have devised,

In which the little lamblins gay

A most important part should play.

To give an instance now, I might

Have pointed out, they never fight;

Are always cheerful, ever clean,

Nor condescend to actions mean.

I might, if I had wished to make

My children their example take,

Have on those lambs composed a book—

'Twas cold, I did not stop to look.

I thought I would no longer roam,

But make the lesson out at home.

I deemed that I could best admire

The ways of lambs beside the fire.

But, when I came to do the thing,

My thoughts I could no farther bring

Than this—to-day I saw a lamb,

And there he was, and here I am.

TO SMOKERS: Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.



## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH: True Version.

[THROUGH OUR OWN PRIVATE WIRE.]

PARLIAMENT was re-opened yesterday. We are glad of it. Beaconsfield has kept the nation "on the Dizzy brink" far too long already.

He will now have to show his hand. So much the better. The ceremony yesterday was the same as usual. In obedience to Black Rod's summons, the members of the House of Commons came rushing into the House of Lords like a lot of lads, each of them bent upon no end of mischief. Lots of ladies were present. Lord Derby was absent.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR said: My lords and gentlemen, I am commanded to read Her Majesty's speech in Her Majesty's own words. Her Majesty further commands me to hand over the speech, in Her Majesty's own hand-writing, to the representatives of the *City Jackdaw*, in which loyal and distinguished journal—also in accordance with Her Majesty's specially strict injunctions—the only correct copy of Her Majesty's speech will appear. Her Majesty's speech, my lords and gentlemen, is as follows:

## MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

It is with more than usual satisfaction, justification, exultation, and jubilation that I again return and resort to the advice and assistance of mine ever peaceable and pliable Parliament.

Hostilities have been going on in Turkey for some time. They aren't likely to go on much longer. Why? 'Cause Turkey's having her neck twisted.

These said hostilities between Russia, on the one hand, and the said Turkey, on the other, have engaged my most serious attention, and, as I had a hand in causing the bother, I anxiously avoided to avail myself of any opportunity on which my good offices, together with those of my allies—of whom I have none—might be of any use, except to the afore-said Turkey. When Turkey was hopelessly beaten, I stepped in and suggested to her the desirability of asking Russia for mercy. She at last took my advice, on the clear understanding that I should step out of my way and be her go-between in the matter. Of course, I did so. Russia replied to the effect that I had better mind my own business. So the thing stands. The situation is one that is eminently creditable and satisfactory to myself and my people.

In all that has been done, my dear Beaconsfield's sole object has been to drag my happy subjects into war. But they don't see it, the stupid things that they are.

Being now Empress of India, and with my once-dutiful Dizzy and now babbling Beaconsfield as chief of my Ministry, I have instituted a new Indian Order of Distinction for princesses and ladies only. This fresh article in the quack medicine line is confidently expected to have a tremendous run. So my dearly-beloved Prime Minister assures me, and whatever he says is right.

The prosperity and progress of my mighty empire is—perhaps I should say are; but Queen's speeches, you know, are beyond and above grammar—all that could be wished. Everybody is complaining of dull trade. Serve them right! They have been getting too wealthy and cheeky lately. Never mind bad trade as long as my royal expenses are not cut down. Many of my most loyal subjects in South Wales, Staffordshire, Sheffield, Northumberland, and numerous other places are starving. But neither you nor I need vex ourselves about them. The working classes are the better for being hard up.

## GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I have directed the estimates of this year to be prepared and presented to you without delay. You will, as heretofore, find them modest and moderate.

My Government—true to themselves and to me—have greatly increased the national expenditure during the last four years. Quite right, so long, as has been the case, the additional money wrangled from my subjects finds its way into the pockets of the rich.

## MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Bills relating to all sorts of small matters, and studiously avoiding all knotty and weighty questions, will be laid before you. Of course, you will pass them with the gracious permission of my good friends, the Obstructives.

One of these bills will deal with my last royal volume, pitching into Russia. This measure will make it compulsory that the work should be purchased at once by every family throughout the Empire.

Your attention will again be called to sundry old questions; but I don't want you to legislate too much. Talk is to be preferred to legislation any day. Whatever you do, pray don't touch any of the "interests," for they are all so dear to my dearly-beloved Beaconsfield.

The Corporation of Manchester will ask for powers to despoil the Lake District. Salford will ask for powers to appoint a stipendiary magistrate. My Prime Minister likes Salford, but he hates Manchester. A word to the wise is enough.

I commend to you these and any other measures which may be submitted to you; and—may your shadow never grow less!

## ODDS AND ENDS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

GIVE my all, I can no more,  
Since odds and ends compose my store;  
I beg the reader will not deem  
The subject an unworthy theme.  
And now, together, let us try  
A lesson in philosophy;  
You may be unaware, my friends,  
What virtue lies in odds and ends.

As when—a vulgar illustration—  
Which I submit with hesitation—

As when, I say, the milkman pants  
To minister to human wants,

Destrous, too, to make a living  
By least return for money giving,

His mercenary mind he bends  
Upon the use of odds and ends.

He takes some water from the pump,  
Some chalk, in powder or in lump,

And, not to do the thing by halves,  
He adds to both some brains of calves;

About his cows, perhaps, with cheek,  
By way of fiction, he will speak—

But for his solid facts depends  
Or liquid, upon odds and ends.

With other walks in life it's so,  
Besides the milk-walk; here below

It is the fate of all our kind  
On odds and ends to bend their mind;

And, as the present page I scan,  
I actually groan for man—

The trifler man, who vainly spends  
His life in piecing odds and ends.

I groan for him, I do indeed;  
I blush for him, and all his breed;

In fact, I've a conviction firm  
That man's no better than a worm.

I blush, I groan, I groan, I blush,  
To think that man should be — but hush!

Before my visage there extends  
A poem made of odds and ends.

DR. CUMMING has been at it again. He says that, according to the prophets, the time has arrived, at last, for the Crescent giving way to the Cross. A strange prophecy, in Latin, has been discovered in the Augustinian Library at Rome. This is a translation of the document:—"Concerning the Waves of the Mystic Ship: By Ridolph Goltzhier; August, 1675. Before the middle of the nineteenth century there will be seditions everywhere in Europe. Republics will be erected; kings, nobles, ecclesiastics will be slain; and regulars will desert their convents. Famines, pestilences, and several earthquakes will devastate the State. Rome will lose its sceptre through the attacks of so-called philosophers. The Pope will be taken away by his own people; and the Church, placed under tribute, will be deprived of its temporal goods. After a short time the Pope will not be. A Northern Prince, with a huge army, will rush through Europe, will overthrow republics, and exterminate all rebels. His sword, guided by God, will valiantly defend the Church of Christ; will fight for the orthodox faith; and will bring under his sway the Mahometan power. A New and Last Pastor from the shore, on a sign from heaven, will come in the simplicity of heart and doctrine of Christ; and peace will have returned to the age."—As is the case with a good many other prophecies, an exquisite and serviceable indefiniteness characterises portions of this ancient prophecy. It is interesting and curious, for all that.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

## A ROWDY TOWN'S MEETING.

ON Wednesday morning the citizens of Manchester—or as many of them as could get into a place intended to hold about a thousand people—met at the Town Hall for the purpose, as Dr. Pankhurst informed them, of exercising one of the most ancient constitutional rights of Englishmen, that of expressing their opinions in town's meeting upon important questions of the day. A good many of them also met to exercise what they, no doubt, consider an equally constitutional right, that of kicking up a tremendous row, and preventing others from freely ventilating their own views. If the question at issue had not been too grave for hilarity, I might have enjoyed the fun which the jocose citizens of Manchester were pleased to indulge in on this occasion, though, as it was, the reflection that this portion of the citizens would be understood by the outside world to express the views of Manchester was not a pleasant one. Anyone experienced in affairs of this kind could see, at a glance, that there was going to be a row. As I entered the room I saw two or three persons who are well known canvassers for the Tory party at election times—I wish their names were known to me, so that I might give them—conferring together very earnestly, and occasionally going over to speak to some of their friends as they came in. There was evidently to be an organised Tory opposition, and the conspicuous absence of a single Tory layman from the platform tended to confirm this suspicion. That the opposition which took place was organised, by which I mean planned beforehand, I infer from two facts. Prior to the commencement of the proceedings, although the room was full, there was no disturbance of any kind, nor did any occur when the Mayor was speaking. Now, it may always be noticed that if citizens are inclined to be disorderly without any special cause, they do not wait for any particular time, but begin at once. The other fact was—well, perhaps I had better not state it, because, though I have it on very good authority, and am morally certain that it is a fact, yet I should find it difficult of proof if chapter and verse were required in substantiation. Therefore I will leave it to my readers to guess, and no doubt they will understand pretty clearly, what I mean. Perhaps, as a vague hint, it may be said that the *Liberals* did not take any steps to rally their party supporters. *Verb. sap.* But there was still another circumstance which showed what the character of the proceedings was likely to be. You could see in a moment as the Bishop of Salford stepped upon the platform that he meant mischief, and you could also see that the Mayor and the Bishop of Manchester and Mr. Thompson knew that his lordship of Salford meant it. The Mayor, especially, looked considerably troubled, and appealed in very plaintive tones to those present to be good boys, and not to let their angry passions rise. However, at first all went smoothly enough. Mr. Joseph Thompson was allowed to move a very plain, and what must have seemed to every one a very unexceptional resolution, in a moderate and intelligent speech. The first signs of disorder began when Mr. Samuel Watts was seconding the motion, but he, too, got through pretty fairly on the whole. Then the Bishop of Manchester rose to support it, and the fun began in earnest. We can easily understand that it was gall and wormwood to the Tories to hear a bishop, who, according to all tradition, ought, they think, to be one of them, denouncing their own stupidity in vigorous and outspoken terms. One can easily understand that they should look upon his lordship as a renegade from the Tory faith—though he never was a Tory—and that while they may have some small respect for his episcopal office, they should hate him in his private character because he is a churchman, who, *pace* the Duke of Sutherland, goes about with his eyes open. To people who were not either intentionally disorderly or actually insane, there could not have been in one sentence his lordship uttered any pretext for a disturbance, and yet twice the uproar became so great that the Mayor had to make at first an appeal for order, and afterwards to threaten the rowdies with the police. The Bishop stood it remarkably well on the whole, though he seemed on the point of losing his temper two or three times. It was, of course, particularly irritating to have a lot of idiots calling out constantly “no politics” while he was not talking a word of politics in the ordinary sense of the term, until he effectually turned the laugh against one man by telling him he did not understand the meaning of the word. The cry was not repeated. I should not like to do the Dean an injustice, but I am afraid he was not so sorry as he might have been while the mob were baiting his ecclesiastical superior—at least he didn't look so. By-the-by, was it pure accident that made Dean Cowie sit so near the Bishop of Salford, instead of taking his place beside his own Diocesan? After Dr. Fraser

came another doctor—Pankhurst—who bravely tried to strike a blow for the Republic by proposing an amendment which aimed at taking from the Crown the power of declaring peace or war and of vesting the same in Parliament, a change which, though one of the most salutary that could be made, was rather beyond the scope of the meeting. Nevertheless, though the Mayor refused to accept the amendment, Dr. Pankhurst had his say and got reported, so that his blow was not thrown away utterly, though the Tory rowdies who yelled him down seemed to think it was. Of all the Jesuitical speeches ever I heard, that delivered by the Bishop of Salford, who followed the doctor, was the most remarkable. He, too, had an amendment, but of a very different nature, and with a very different aim, to propose. Such a mild and necessary addendum was it that he could not for the life of him understand how any one could object to it. He merely wanted, for the sake of making the meaning of the resolution clear abroad, not to the meeting or to the people of this country, who would understand it well enough, to alter the motion so as to make it express the opinion that we were to maintain neutrality “as far as English interests and honour would permit”—and, of course, Lord Beaconsfield is to decide how far our interest and honour will permit. And then, Dr. Vaughan went on to deliver a Russophobic speech, the rabidness of which ought to make the *Daily Telegraph* hug him to its patriotic breast. The Tories—another sign of organisation—were silent while he spoke, and the Liberals were also silent, from another cause, so that he had it pretty much his own way. It struck me, as I looked first at him and then at the Bishop of Manchester, that here we had the condensed history of the two great churches which these two men represented—taking James of Manchester as the representative of the Protestant Church of England—Bishop Fraser's the church of the people, and Bishop Vaughan's the church of the priesthood; Bishop Fraser's the church, primarily, at least intended to help the people, and Bishop Vaughan's from the beginning devised in order to keep them in subjection. Why could not the Bishop of Salford, who we know is a thoroughly honest man, avow his sympathy with the war party in the Cabinet at once, and move a direct negative to the resolution, instead of bawling about the bush and trying to get in a clause which everyone knew perfectly well was intended to destroy the true meaning of the original proposition? If the Bishop could not support such a motion as that, then he ought not to have been at the meeting, for his own sake if nothing else, for these are not days in which it is politic to bring into prominence the fact that the Church of Christ ever has or ever could sanction any but a defensive war. By the time Dr. Vaughan sat down the meeting was in a state of frantic excitement which was not allayed by the appearance of Mr. H. H. Howorth on the platform, the seconder of the amendment. Mr. Howorth has earned for himself the sobriquet of the “Devil's Advocate,” and whether this properly characterises him or not, he certainly has a remarkable knack of being everlastingly on the wrong side. Even the Tories could not stand his “traveller's tales” about Russia, which he assumes to know thoroughly because he has paid that country a visit, and the whole of the meeting unanimously greeted him with hearty groans and hoots. He has no doubt that Mr. Gladstone is a Russian agent; in fact, he seemed uncertain whether the Bishop of Manchester was not one, too. The whole burden of his song was that as the Government must necessarily know more about the matter than we can, therefore it is the height of presumption to interfere—as if every Minister in the Cabinet were not the paid servant of the nation, bound theoretically to do what the nation tells him, or resign. I don't believe for a moment that Mr. Howorth is the “Devil's Advocate,” for surely the Devil would take precious good care to put his cause in better hands. Besides, His Majesty doesn't want barristers to plead for him when he can get bishops. Dr. Watts could have soon demolished Mr. Howorth if he had had a chance, but the meeting was getting utterly unmanageable, and he had to shut up. Nothing daunted, up jumped that shining light, the future mayor of Salford, Mr. Councillor Middlehurst. But a meeting which would not hear Howorth was not likely to stand Middlehurst, and they raised such a din that he could hardly hear himself. He tried to bowl his speech down to the reporters, but as they took no notice, except to laugh, he saw it would not do, and, after an expostulation from the Mayor, had to subside. The Tories seem, after all, to have neglected to send a sufficient number of their party, for they could not carry the amendment, and gave vent to their disappointment in a series of unceasing howls before they dispersed. The chief thought that occurred to me as I left was that even Dr. Pankhurst might agree that this ancient and constitutional right of town's meetings is a custom which might be more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

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## A SCOTCH HUMOURIST.

WHO dare avow that Scotchmen own neither wit nor humour? No one. Mr. James Smith, an Edinburgh man, formerly a printer, now, we believe, a librarian, has lately published some little books which are full of stories brimful of fun. Take the following, entitled "Canty Jock," as a sample of the others:—

Oh, it's a glorious thing a rantin' lauch—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!—a hearty, canty, cheery, lauch—nause o' yer blue-faced, compromised mongrel niggers, that's enough to gie a puggie the jaundice, but a ringin', rattlin' roarer. There's naething like it; an' what wad the world be without it? A gigantic infirmity o' broken legs an' general lamentation. Ha, ha, ha! That's the way they ca' me Canty Jock; for I'm aye lauchin'. Od, I canna help it. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! There it is again, ye see; for I canna help it.

Girnin' Discontent's the great unconscionable villain that keeps the world in hot water. If honest Laughter had only the chance o' a fair stand-up fecht wi' him for ten minutes, there wad be mair true happiness in this world.

Laughter, glorious Laughter! come to my heart, my pippin! for ye lighten up the s'e o' the bonnie wee bit wean; ye chase awa' the dark clouds frae the rosy face o' youth; an' ye smooth the crabbed brow o' age wi' yer wand o' matchless power.

What care I for a' the wealth that aye many folk are sweatin' themselves to death for? Ha, ha, ha! What care I for what they're rivin' an' drivin', toilin' an' moilin' for, in this hurryin', scurryin', endless worryin' fifty-mile-an-hour-express-train-heart-disease-apoplectic age, when every ane's knockin' the tither ane ower in the infatuated, hysterical rush for wealth, that often turns round on her wearif' lookin' votaries, claps her tongue in her cheek, an' her finger on her nose, an' cries, "Hey, my cockalorums, ye've got me; an' what the better are ye noo when I'm wi' ye?" Peengin', wheengin' incarnations o' endless worry an' feverish anxiety, wi' yer highly-starched notions o' conventional propriety, an' pompous airs o' imaginary superiority—a jolly ringin' lauch frae the heart's worth a' yer paper castles put together! Hearken: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! D'ye hear that? Try't in gentle dozes at frequent intervals, an' ye'll find yersels a' the better for't.

I'm a journeyman tobaccony spinner, wi' a rare lot o' canary birds, an' a girnin' auld wife into the bargain, wha's never been content since the day she was born, and that wasna yesterday. Shusy has a face as lang as a bass fiddle, an' she's aye girnin' ower something or ither by night an' day; an' she's never at a loss for a subject. The high price o' coals has been a practical godsend to her for the last six months. It was deef before, but it's coals noo. I wonder what she'll be upon next: very likely she'll be an' by be makin' an important discovery that Australian beef's naething but mesmerized kangaroos. She has a mortal hatred at the canaries. She physicked ten o' them last week wi' castor oil when I was out, an' sent them off the face o' the earth; an' I've noo only sixteen o' them to the fore, a' loupin' an' dancin' in fancy cages. It's a fine thing, especially for onybody wi' a morbidly-sensitive ear for music, to hear Shusy groanin' in the night-time about the coals being twa shillings the hunderwecht, the canaries flutterin' their wings an' singin' through mortal terror, an' me lauchin'. When her tongue's in a condition o' mair than ordinary excellence for the usual midnight supply, I generally bang ower the bed, light my pipe, the grandest console under the circumstances,—tak' a soul-invigoratin' smoke, then look up in the dark to the fancy cages, an' fillt as follows:—

Girnin' Shusy's off again,

Never lets a man alane.

Hearken to her deavin' clamour,

Hearken to her endless yammer.

Constantly she tak's delight in

Barkin', bitin', ragin', flytin';

Save me frae sic horrid evils,

Sing wi' a' yer micht, ye deevils!

The canaries, perfectly understandin' an' sympathizin' wi' the circumstances o' the case, immediately skirl themselves into convulsions; an' by the time they're endit, Shusy's snorin' awa' like a Russian bear, an' I get a short reprieve.

Constitutional girners an' grumblers are the deevil's ain bastards. They're aye bewailin' their unhappy fate; an' them that ha'e the maist think themselves the warst. I'd gie the best week's wages ever I had to see thae flags o' distress banished oot o' the country, wi' no' the ghost o' a fill o' tobaccy, or yet a hair o' snuff to bless themselves wi'; for Girmigo-Gibbies are the blackfaced bell-wethers that keep a' the flock in a blue funk. If, instead o' aye greetin', they would tak' a rantin', hearty lauch noo an' then, they'd lift a wearif' burden o' misery off their backs, an' clap the shutters on mony a doctor's window.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! what magic's in the very sound! As the auld sayin' is: "Laughter sets the heart in a lowe, but girnin' dries the bones." Although there's no muckle danger o' Shusy in that particular, for she's as yanky as a German jumpin'-jack, an' her tongue's as souple as a fresh-water eel on a rainy day.

The lang spell o' watery weather's no' made her any better either. If anything at a', this continuous rain's made her perfectly daft. She's

never dune askin' if Noah's Ark's to the fore yet, an' when it'll be likely to tak' in passengers. She declares the very sun's been on strike for the last twelvemonth, an' wonders if he'll ever gie in, to come oot. She says the world's near an end; an' like mony anither narrow-minded bigot, she says it's a' in consequence o' the folk's sins, wi' a sly look at me. I wonder if she ever thinks that her ain crabbit, cantankerous nature deserves equal if no' waur condemnation. Catch her. Like a' o' the "unco guid" fraternity, she's a saunt, an' only wants a pair o' wings to tak' a celestial flee.

To tell the truth, if I had been any ither than a fearless, cheery blade, wi' the spirit o' a roarin' lion, I'd hae vanished into my grave lang syne without the slightest assistance. But Gude be thankit! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! here I am to the fore yet, as brisk an' as blythe as ever, wi' a glorious capacity for lauchin'.

Oh, blessings on the power to lauch, an' that right merrille; to ken this world's no' sae bad as aft it's said to be; to ken that aye ahint the shower the sunlieht's comin' fast, to gladden ilka hill an' dale, an' cheer our hearts at last. Then keep the croun o' the causey, freeen, an' aye a manly part; an' fecht life's weary battle wi' a brave an' sturdy heart; sing aye yer sang, an' blaw yer cloud, my honest worthy cock; an' ne'er forget the Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! o' Canty Jock.

## ADDRESS TO A GROG BLOSSOM.



HAT is't I see so brightly shining,  
And throwing dazzling light around?  
'Twould give a cloud a ruby lining—  
So bright a star was never found.

What can it be, this luminator,  
Which gleams and shines this dark, dull day?  
Just like a lantern made o' tater,  
Which schoolboys use when they're at play.

Is it a spark from flint fresh struck,  
And caught on smouldering tinder,  
Or shimmering moon-stone that's been took  
From Wilkie Collins's Hindop?

Alas! alas! 'tis none of these—  
I wish, indeed, it were—  
Nothing, in fact, would me more please  
Than find it were no scare.

Kind friends; 'twill set you all agog  
When I the truth disclose:—  
It is a blossom, born o' grog,  
That shines on Jones's nose.

## PARLIAMENT.

CONSIDERABLE speculation is going on at present as to how much longer the Beaconsfield Cabinet will succeed in holding itself together. Some say they already discern the handwriting on the wall. Whether that be so, and whether we are on the eve of another general election—an election which would be one of the fiercest fought in this generation—the following table, showing the length that each Parliament has lasted during the present century, may interest some:—

PARLIAMENT.	ASSEMBLED.	DISSOLVED.
First .....	June 29, 1802.	June 29, 1802.
Second .....	Nov. 16, 1802.	Oct. 24, 1806.
Third .....	Dec. 15, 1806.	April 29, 1807.
Fourth .....	June 22, 1807.	Sept. 29, 1812.
Fifth .....	Nov. 24, 1812.	June 16, 1818.
Sixth .....	Jan. 14, 1819.	Feb. 29, 1820.
Seventh .....	April 31, 1820.	June 2, 1826.
Eighth .....	Nov. 14, 1826.	July 24, 1830.
Ninth .....	Oct. 20, 1830.	April 23, 1831.
Tenth .....	June 14, 1831.	Dec. 8, 1832.
Eleventh .....	Jan. 29, 1833.	Dec. 30, 1834.
Twelfth .....	Feb. 19, 1835.	July 17, 1837.
Thirteenth .....	Nov. 15, 1837.	June 23, 1841.
Fourteenth .....	Aug. 19, 1841.	July 23, 1847.
Fifteenth .....	Nov. 18, 1847.	July 1, 1852.
Sixteenth .....	Nov. 4, 1852.	Mar. 21, 1857.
Seventeenth .....	April 30, 1857.	April 29, 1859.
Eighteenth .....	May 31, 1859.	July 6, 1865.
Nineteenth .....	Feb. 1, 1865.	Nov. 11, 1868.
Twentieth .....	Dec. 10, 1868.	Jan. 26, 1874.
Twenty-first .....	Mar. 5, 1874.	

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## A PATRIOTIC DITTY.

[BY H. A. W.]

OUR Tory friends do talk a lot about the Russian tricks,  
And say that we should help the Turk because he's in a fix;  
But we now know their motive, and this shall be our cry,  
We will fight for Turkey—when the pigs begin to fly.

There's *Courier*, *Standard*, *Telegraph*, and all that precious lot  
Who write each day such rubbish and such sentimental rot;  
But hate of Russia underneath is what we clearly spy,  
Oh, yes! we'll fight 'gainst Russia—when the pigs begin to fly.

There's Dizzy, clever chap he is, has us an Empress made,  
Because he discontented felt to call a spade a spade;  
But we—vile Radicals we are!—God save the Queen, we cry,  
Though we may shout for Empress—when the pigs begin to fly.

So now, my friends, I've told you all of this my little ditty,  
And if you have not liked my tale, I think it is a pity;  
But warning take—on Tory tricks pray keep a watchful eye,  
Then Dizzy will bamboozle you—when the pigs begin to fly.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

HAVING exhausted every other device in the way of convincing England that she should go to war on behalf of the Bashi-Bazouks, the *Daily Telegraph* has now taken to story-telling in its leaders, with the same commendable object in view. Here is the latest:—"We shall be asked, perhaps, by men who still love their country and hate pious hypocrites, for some consolation in this hour of shame and danger. We have none to give them but a little anecdote, which has a special interest for those who would betray the Empire. A gallant sea captain who had escaped with difficulty from the wreck of a fine merchant vessel in the Indian Ocean, which had on board a mutinous crew, was asked if he did not feel much anguish as his ship sank beneath him. 'No, sir,' he answered, 'I did not! I was sorry to see my beautiful craft and the dear old flag I had sailed under going down, but then it was such a pleasure to know that the lubbers aboard of her would sink with us that I forgot all about drowning, seeing the cowards clinging too late to the ship they had cast away.'" Of course, it never occurred to our contemporary that England would more likely be ruined by such a horrible war than by keeping out of it.

Mr. MARK ADDY well deserved the testimonial which has just been presented to him. He has saved as many as thirty-seven lives from drowning, and Mr. Charley was right, for once, when he said that it is nobler to save life than to destroy it. The two hundred guineas were handed over to Mr. Addy, not by way of recompense, but as an acknowledgement of his devotion, pluck, and skill as exercised on behalf of others.

Mr. CHARLES LEE, cab proprietor, has had a nice little difference with Mr. Wm. Steel, who, it appears, was secretary of the Ordsall Ward Conservative Club, and took an active part on behalf of Mr. O. O. Walker in the late election. It is said that Mr. Steel engaged from the defendant twenty-nine cabs and one omnibus for use on the day of election, agreeing to pay twenty-five shillings each for the cabs and two pound for the omnibus. The defendant also agreed to pay each of the cabmen two shillings and sixpence for his day's work, and said the money would be paid by Mr. Henry Oram, of Bury, who was to be charged with the amount. A day or two before the election the defendant sent a letter to the plaintiff, saying that only seventeen cabs and the omnibus would be required. The plaintiff wrote to the defendant saying that he should hold him responsible for any loss he might sustain from the countermanding of the original order. The seventeen cabs and the omnibus were supplied on the election day, and an action has been brought in the County Court to recover the amount which the defendant had promised to the cabmen, two shillings and sixpence each, and fifteen shillings the balance due for the omnibus, which it was alleged had only been paid for as a cab. The plaintiff produced a letter in which the defendant promised to pay the two pound two shillings and sixpence for the cab-drivers, and bills were handed in to the judge showing that the remaining fifteen shillings had been paid in an account settled by Mr. Oram. His honour gave a verdict for the plaintiff for two pounds two shillings and sixpence. Will some one inform us who this Mr. Henry Oram, of Bury, is?

"RADICAL PEACE AGITATION!" These words appeared in monster letters on the *Courier's* contents bill the other day. "Radical Peace Agitation!" indeed. Are the Tories in favour of war, then? They have always talked peace, at all events. Murder will out. The truth will leak out some day, you see.

MR. ALDERMAN HETWOOD was not far wrong when he stated at the Liberal Association meeting on Tuesday night that perhaps such a great gathering had never been seen in the Free Trade Hall. Mclure has confidentially assured Houldsworth that his chance is nil after such an overpowering display on the part of the Liberals. At the Tory meeting, some time ago, room remained for many hundreds; but, of course, no more Tories could be got.

## THE WISE MEN OF MANCHESTER.

IT is not generally known to a benighted public, which is so ridiculously, so flagrantly ignorant of foreign affairs as to believe that the stability of the British Empire does not depend upon the "independence and integrity" of Turkey, that there exists a society which is both willing and anxious to enlighten their political darkness. Such is, nevertheless, the fact. The name of this important body is the "Manchester Foreign Affairs Association," and its importance will not be diminished when it is stated that the principal members of this Association are Mr. W. E. Stutter, Dr. Royle, Mr. Touchstone, and Mr. Councillor Ingham, all of whom are authorities of the greatest weight, both on foreign and domestic affairs. The object of the Association is the diffusion of knowledge with respect to the filthy Russian and the angelic Turk; and in order to carry out this object they brought over a gentleman, named Fenton, from Dewsbury, to deliver a lecture to about eighty or a hundred people, on Wednesday, at the Athenaeum, on the "true" causes of the present war. I forgot to mention above that the Association was founded by Mr. David Urquhart, the gentleman who, Mr. Bright said at Birmingham last Saturday, was mad. Mr. Stutter, ex-bottle-holder to the late Mr. Daniel Lee, and secretary of the Association, swears by all his gods that Mr. Urquhart was not mad, and that Mr. Bright told a story. As I have said, the "Association" got a Mr. Fenton to lecture on the "true" causes of the war, and that person, in order to fulfil his engagement, was kind enough to bring a pile of books with him, and to pick out and read for the edification of his audience a number of extracts, very judiciously selected, from which he hopelessly proved to his own satisfaction and of those who listened to his absurd ravings—that the Russian was the vilest wretch that ever disgraced the earth, and that the Turk was a man, who, if he had not been a Turk, would have been an angel. I could not have believed, if I had not seen for myself, that it was possible that any human being could talk in the same strain as the *Daily Telegraph* writes, but these people, Fenton, Stutter, Royle, and others, put the "largest circulation" far in the shade. I do not use a figure of speech when I say that the brilliant Stutter actually foamed at the mouth, and as for the lecturer, well, I can best describe him by saying that he is capable of picking passages out of "Paradise Lost" to prove that Satan was a persecuted and maligned being. Mr. Fenton, and those who listened to and applauded his ravings, conclusively proved one thing, at least, and that was that there is a pressing necessity for an extension in the scope of the Lunacy Law.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:

BROKEN DOWN—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.  
HEAVY HEARTS—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.  
THE BOLTED DOOR—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.  
CLARA BROWN—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.  
BOUND HAND AND FOOT—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.  
MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.  
WOM BY A NECK—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.  
THE RIGHT WINS—In No. 109, Dec. 14, 1877.  
AT LAST—In No. 110, Dec. 21, 1877.  
RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!—In No. 111, Dec. 28, 1877.  
STAGGERING HOME—In No. 112, Jan. 4, 1878.  
Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 11d. each.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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EAGLE TELEGRAPH WORKS.—Offices, 52 and 55, Hatton Garden, E.C., London, Nov. 15th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Mr. Vickers, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTILACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,

Beale of the Royal Exchange, London.

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